A

1st.

POEM

Upon Our Unhappy Loſs of

Sir Cloudeſly Shovel,

ADMIRAL of the

BRITISH FLEET;

Who was Caſt away upon the Rocks near *SCILLY*, Called, the *BISHOP* and his *CLERKS*, and not One Man Saved.

By *C. D.* Rector of *K*— in *S*—.

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29. Novemb. 1707.

LONDON:

Printed, and Sold by *Ben. Bragge*, at the *Raven* in *Pater-Noſter-Row*. 1708.

A

POEM

Upon Our Unhappy Loss of

Sir Cloudesly Shovel,

ADMIRAL of the

BRITISH FLEET;

Who was Cast away upon the Rocks near
SCILLY, Called the ISLAND
and his CLERKS, and not One Man
Saved.

By C. D. Rector of K— in S—

LONDON:

Printed, and Sold by Ben. Bragge, at the Raven in Pater-
Noster-Row. 1708.

On the Loſs of
Sir Cloudeſly Shovel.

WHO could ſuſpect his Fate ſo hard ſhould prove?
Biſhops and *Clerks* are Names of Peace and Love.
Mercy is their Profeſſion and Employ;
Whoſe Office is to ſave, and not deſtroy.
But this was firſt a Bantring Name no doubt,
Juſtly the Romiſh Cruelties to flout:
Whoſe Popes uſurp St. *Peter*'s Name and See,
And Claim the Name of Rocks as well as He,
When they no Property of Rocks poſſeſs,
But that alone of being Mercileſs.

Who firſt contriv'd the Bloody Inquiſition,
Whence there is no Releaſe, nor Manumiſſion:
No Proſpect to repaſs the fatal Door,
But Priſoners enter to be ſeen no more.
Like Footſteps leading to the Lyons Den,
Which all look forward; none return agen.

Where Ghoſtly Fathers muſt be backward read,
And ſtill by Tyrants be interpreted.
As Fates were by the Name of *Parcæ* known,
Not from their Sparing All, but Sparing None.

Such

Such were theſe Rocks, the Shame of *Britain*'s Coaſt,
By which ſo many of her Sons were loſt.
Perfidious Crew, that ſculk beneath a Wave,
That Travellers entrapp'd may find a Grave.
No other Death Our Admiral could die;
Invincible by All but Treachery.

Vile Crime! and worthy of Immortal Hate,
By which ſo Great a Hero found his Fate;
Whom Naval Skill, and dauntleſs Courage Crown'd,
Hard as the Rocks, and as the Sea Profound.

May then theſe Rocks Eternal Curſes meet,
Whoſe Crimes for Abſolution are too Great:
May their Vile Heads be hidden in the Stream;
Before for Treachery, and now for Shame:
Or elſe ſo high above the VVaves appear,
That being ſeen, we may no danger fear;
But Mariners, warn'd by Our Hero's Fate,
May Shun them both for Safety, and for Hate.
May they as Monumental Grave-Stones lye,
And bear Inſcriptions of their Villany.
VVhich may inſtead of *Epitaphs* be read:
To warn the Living, and Record the Dead.

Nor ſhall the Seas, in which theſe Ships were wrackt,
Scape the Memorial of ſo foul a Fact:
Whoſe faithleſs Waves Red with the Blood was Spilt,
Shall Redder grow with Bluſhing at their Guilt.

F I N I S.